

E 687

.T46

Copy 1



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap.

EG87

Shelf

T46

PRESENTED BY

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

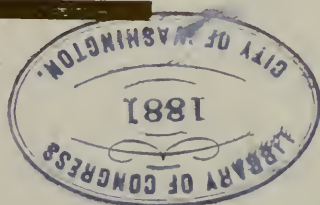
Congressional Library.
Washington,
D. C.

In Memoriam

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

HARVARD CHURCH,

BROOKLINE, MASS.





In Memoriam

JAMES A. GARFIELD,

BORN NOV. 19, 1831: ASSASSINATED JULY 2, 1881.

DISCOURSES DELIVERED

BY

REV. R. THOMAS,

SUNDAY, SEPT. 25TH, AND MONDAY, SEPT. 26TH, 1881,

IN THE

HARVARD CHURCH, BROOKLINE, MASS.

Dedicated to the Young Men of Brookline.

BROOKLINE:

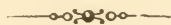
PUBLISHED BY THE CHURCH.







SERMON.



FOR HE WAS A FAITHFUL MAN AND FEARED GOD ABOVE
MANY.—NEHEMIAH, VII: 2.

IT is not for me to refer, with any regard to detail, to the recorded circumstances of the last three months of suspense and fear. A whole people has been watching by a sick bed. The particulars of this sad episode in the life of the nation are all known. Not for the sake of communicating information do we mingle our thoughts with yours to-day, but for a higher purpose—that of looking at this event, which has stirred the sympathies of the world, in the clearer light of the revelation which has been brought to us in Christ Jesus.

When thought is stirred and feeling will have its way, then there is no choice left for those of us who are called by the voice of the Church to occupy its pulpit, but to bring the common

thought and feeling, as far as we know it, into judgment, and inquire whether it be good or bad — whether it be intelligent or ignorant — whether it be Christian or unchristian?

At the very outset I admit that from the skeptic's point of view, so very limited as it is, there is no consolation to be had from such an event as this of the late President's assassination. Much otherwise. If life begin with birth and end with that we call death, then the skeptic and infidel are entirely right when they say that we are at the mercy of chance, fate, or whatever you choose to call that power which we cannot successfully resist, and which from day to day we have to dodge. It is strange — passing strange, that the pistol of a wily assassin should have in it such power, that in the very prime of his manhood, just entering on the day of his highest and noblest opportunity, one of the most trusted men among us, should be cut off "with all his blushing honors thick upon him," and when it seemed to us we needed his courage and wisdom and experience to lead the nation to a healthier and higher plane of national life.

I am not at all surprised that skeptics should ask, *where is now your God?* Have we not ourselves groaned in spirit and asked, 'O Lord, why dost Thou permit this? Wherefore is Thy

hand so heavy upon us?' Have not Christian hearts lodged their objections against it in the form of remonstrative prayer? There are times in life when even the least rebellious and most submissive of God's children are compelled to confess their entire inability to understand the divine permission. He who of old said, "I was dumb; I opened not my mouth because Thou didst it" — was in the posture which oftentimes it becomes us to occupy — the only attitude possible to us — that of reverent silence; remembering ever what our Lord said to His disciples in the hour of their perplexity, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

This much we know, that in the present order of things we are all exposed to the worst deeds of the worst men. And we have no ability of seeing how it could be otherwise, and yet that measure of human freedom which is inherent in our manhood's existence, be granted. Unless by a perpetual miracle, such deeds cannot be entirely prevented. And perpetual miracle would be the destruction of so many elements of character that the remedy would be worse than the disease. As far as we can see, when miracle is not necessary to revelation, it is not granted.

There can be no reasonable doubt that the God revealed to us in creation and revelation,

could in some way have hindered this assassin, and have turned him from his purpose. But no such restraining power was exercised. The man was allowed his full liberty. And we may be sure that there was, in some needs of the nation, or of the divine government, good reason why he should be left to the impulse of his own evil nature. Not that his crime is diminished one iota. Judas was not the less an odious wretch of a man, because the betrayal and crucifixion of our Lord were on a line with the divine purposes. Pharaoh was not one whit less a tyrant because through his overthrow the *divine power* should be illustrated in a day when men thought that the Pharaoh power was supreme and unsubduable. God allowed such a man to be raised up to be the despot of Egypt, in order that He might "show on him His power," as the Scriptures put it.

And whatever good may come to this nation out of this great crime, followed by this great loss, we may be sure that it is not all evil, and not all loss. To my own mind it was most impressive and startling that, when leaders of thought and speech among us were beginning to talk flippantly about this most hateful of all methods of revenge—assassination; when apologies were beginning to be made for it; when in some parts of the country resolutions of sym-

pathy were being passed with successful assassins, and we all of us were rather inclined to be lenient and apologetic in speech under the force of the idea that anything which will wrench liberty from unwilling hands is to be tolerated—that *then*, in that hour, the crack of the assassin's pistol was heard in Washington, and our own Chief Magistrate fell before it.

That such a man as Garfield should be assassinated—confessedly one of our noblest and best, the flower and fruit of all that is characteristic in American civilization; whose election to the Presidency was so auspicious, hailed by almost everybody with satisfaction,—that he of all men should be shot as though he were the worst of men,—with all our musing during these sad summer weeks, I think that we have scarcely yet had any adequate apprehension of how much it means. If a man of the late President's high character is not safe from the assassin's bullet, no one is safe.

I think that we are not free from blame if we do not look at this matter in its broadest relations. We do not like to confess that there is anything in it which connects it, even indirectly, with any evil habits in our socialism. But if we regard the deed simply as the act of a half-crazed, ambitious, disappointed man who wanted to revenge his ill-fortune on some one, and so

went for the most prominent man in the country — if that to us is the whole story, it is not likely that a very deep impression will be produced on our minds, even by an event so sad. Of course, every man who temporarily or permanently lets any passion or evil temper rule him, instead of being guided by reason, is in a sense insane, but in no such sense of the word as deprives him of responsibility. There is a motive for his madness, a purpose, a plan, a method in his madness. He knows what he is doing, and does it. The motive, the means and the end are connected. And there is no room for any apology for such deeds done in the heat of passion; no apology to be made for them even if, as is reported, this wretched man is trying to make people believe that he did what he did conscientiously. For if a man can assassinate another conscientiously, he is at the deepest depth of degradation, at the very lowest point of human depravity.

"It is not denied, (says Bushnell, who had an insight into human nature that was wonderful for its accuracy and its depth), that all men, taken as being simply men, have consciences; they would not be men without consciences. But there is a very great difference in the degrees of consciences and the kind of timber they are made of. Some consciences seem to be wholly insignificant and weak till they are tem-

pest strung, or get mounted somehow on the back of passion. Then there is no hydrophobia so incurably mad; and there is in fact no human creature so thoroughly wicked and diabolical as he that is protesting in the heat of his will or the fume of his grudges and resentments, how conscientious he is." And so any religious talk on the part of this man who has done the most hateful of all depraved deeds but shows how bad he is.

Now, in this and all nations, there are scores of men just as wicked, just as revengeful, just as bad as this assassin. They have no control over themselves. And such speech as that we hear too often against men in high place and high office, influences their passions, and supplies them with arguments and reasons why they should revenge their own disappointments in life on men who, as they say, could help them if they would. This class of persons is increasing in numbers, and if the most powerful rebuke which can be given them is not given,—if the human mind is not schooled into a healthy abhorrence of such crimes as that from which we suffer to-day, no man in high office is safe. And that is one reason why this wretched "spoils system," as it has come to be called, ought to be abolished, and some juster and better system take its place. It is not simply that it is waste-

ful of money, — it is ruinous to manhood, raising as it does a crop of men spoiled for everything but office-seeking, and hungry as dogs for the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table.

We may fight the fact as much as we will, but it remains a fact, that indirectly, if not directly, we owe the loss we mourn to-day to this system and its wretched involvements. 'Government ought to find me a place, and if it does not, so much the worse for government.' That, on his own confession, was the feeling in the mind of the assassin. And I fear that he but represents the feeling of hundreds in all parts of the land. But government is not a father to provide bread for his children. It is only a guardian to defend them in the possession and right use of life and property.

Turning, however, from the darker to the brighter side of this event, while we mourn the loss of one whose life and opportunity seemed so full of promise of blessing to us, yet the *unifying influence of this event on the nation*, cannot but be fruitful in good wishes and in brotherly confidences in the time to come.

Not for nothing have we all been watching by this sick bed. Not for nothing has the sympathy of the world been turned to this nation. Deep down in the hearts of the people there is

a use and a service for such an event. And though in a few brief weeks our attention will be turned to new men, and it may be new measures, and the tender pathos of the last few weeks will have but slight traces of it left, and the old common-place life will run on in its old channel, yet I do not think we can be quite as far apart as before. A common trial and common sorrow bring men nearer together. They deepen the relations between them. And so, North and South, East and West, bending together over Garfield's death-bed, and together dropping tears over his grave, will feel more tender to one another.

But sympathy has not been confined within national limits wide as they are. The flag half-mast high is seen not simply o'er the territory where the "Stars and Stripes" float; but enfolded with it another flag -- "the flag that braved a *thousand* years, the battle and the breeze," the flag beneath which, ere this land had risen from the tempestuous main, the battles of Crecy and Poitiers and Agincourt were fought and won -- the flag beneath which Richard and his Crusaders fought in the Holy Land, the flag which waved o'er Nelson's ship and was borne aloft at the head of the armies under Marlboro and Wellington; that flag, too, is half-mast high to-day -- in the docks of Liverpool, in the

streets of London and Dublin, in the navy yards of Chatham and Portsmouth, on the castle of Edinboro, o'er the palace at Windsor, and wherever Englishmen live and love and labor—to use Daniel Webster's words, wherever "the morning drum-beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England"—there to-day the flag is half-mast high; the ocean is dried up; there is no more sea between us; prosperity divided us, but sorrow has made us one. The choicest wreath on Garfield's coffin is that of England's Queen; and for the first time in history, the most aristocratic and exclusive court in the world goes into mourning for a man in whose veins not one drop of royal blood flows, and the true kingship of kingly character is freely and fully recognized.

Truly "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting."

And so while we mourn, we sorrow not as those who see no bright light in the cloud. The silver edges of the cloud that is dark in its aspect towards us, show that the sun is shining behind it, and that the upper surface of it is all light. Yea, I cannot but feel that these lingering weeks have been rich in mercy. Though they have for the sufferer been weeks

of pain, and though some have hastily said that if he must die, was it not better for him to die at once and be spared the suffering so far as *he himself* was concerned, and the suspense so far as *others* were involved; yet I believe that to the most of those who think at all, it will be evident that we should have lost a great deal if the death had followed suddenly upon the deed.

For the man was as noble in suffering as he was in action. We know him better now than before. And if the character of individuals deepens and broadens in affliction — if suffering has in it, as it always has, something of vicariousness, so that they who suffer, suffer not merely for themselves alone but for others, — would it not betoken a terribly hardened condition of heart if we all were not something better for this tender and protracted union of sympathy and feeling?

And yet again, have not these weeks of suffering and pain — borne by this martyr of ours so uncomplainingly, so bravely and so submissively — made us all feel that it is worth while to have a character free from reproach and stain? During these weeks, men everywhere have been reading the incidents of Garfield's life, and as they have read of him, of what he was and what he did; as they have marked his deeds and conned his words, their sympathy has grown

warmer, their admiration has deepened. It did seem too bad that such a man, with such a record and such a character, should be shot down like a dog.

He was such a man as the nation would wish to have in its highest place of duty and of honor; such a man as the best of earthly fathers could point his son's attention to and say, "Be as he was; copy his example, and you will do well;" such a man as the aspiring collegian in the halls of learning could take as his model,—such a man as every right-hearted mother would wish her son to be,—such a man as the Christian felt the freest liberty in praying for—that God would, if it were possible, spare his life, that, restored to us, he might do the Divine will in the highest seat of honor the land knows. In our prayers there has been no reserve; nothing in his character holding us back from sincerest truthfulness.

Never, perhaps, in its history, has the nation gathered so lovingly and devoutly around the couch of any one man; and we may be assured that, though the desire of our heart has not been granted, yet, as with Cornelius, "our prayers and our alms have gone up as a memorial before God." No Christian can pray absolutely and dictatorially. Always and ever we pray in Christ's name, (that is, as He would pray,) and

we know how He prayed, "Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will but as Thou wilt."

Much of very ignorant speech is uttered on this subject of prayer; as though, because we pray, it must of necessity be that God will do the precise thing we ask. A moment's reflection would make it evident to us that this could not be, unless that precise thing were the very best possible. "We know not what to pray for as we ought." We can only ask for that which *seems* to us practicable and best. *Presumption* would take the government of the world out of the hands of God and put it into creature hands, but *faith* would not. Faith says, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him." Prayer is often the effort of the soul to *know* what the will of God is. It asks in order to know. If the thing asked is *not* granted, then Faith assents, and sings on: —

"Good when He gives, supremely good,
Nor less when He denies;
E'en crosses from His gracious hand
Are blessings in disguise."

The praying man may not have that for which he asks, but he will have strength to bear his disappointment without bitterness. As he of old said: "I am a wonder unto many," so many

since his day have said, "I am a wonder to myself. That I could ever have borne what I have borne, I had no idea." We know how the King of Israel prayed for the life of his child — begged constantly of God that the child might live. But it died. And how did he conduct himself? When God had taken his child, he rose and put off his mourning apparel, and called for food, and went into the house of the Lord and worshiped. His servants thought it strange conduct, so different from what they anticipated. But he replied: "Now that the child is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again?" And then there came upon his spirit the sweetest of all thoughts: "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

And in all bereavements that are deeply felt, that thought is necessary to the quietude of the soul, that it is not death to die; that "if our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" that the service here is only preparatory and preliminary to the higher service elsewhere.

Be sure that that life which is no longer ours was not given, and nurtured, trained, schooled and developed into the strength and beauty that were in it, in order that it might be blotted from existence by the snap of an assassin's pistol. No

heart but the most depraved can ever credit that, no intellect but the meanest can ever make a home for such an idea. Oh, no! elsewhere the martyred President serves his God and his country. So I cannot but believe.

But another thought comes, and it is a painful one — *Are we worthy of our best men?* Is it not possible that sometimes God calls away some of the choicest and best, because those for whom they live and labor are not worthy of them? Death is but removal. And such a removal as this may have a reason deeper than we have ever suspected.

At any rate, let us ask ourselves the question: Are we worthy of our best men? For, be sure that when the best man is in the place of sovereignty, he will be as the candle of the Lord in the dark places of the land.

I have not a doubt but that in the Mormon temple to-day some such word as this will be heard:—that God permitted the late President to be shot down because his life threatened the very existence of Mormonism. And until the whole people are ready for action in regard to such evils as afflict and disgrace our socialism, no man of high integrity and aggressive principles must expect quietude and safety. Still, gloomy though this doubt be — whether we are

worthy of our best men, whether we would not prefer that men inferior to the best be in the places of power,—yet no one can say of us in this hour, “The righteous perisheth. *and no man layeth it to heart.*”

Though to-day and to-morrow are days of funeral services, and some of you probably may wish them gone, yet be assured of this,—that we need to face the *calamities* of life; that sorrow will not harm us unless it harden us; that, while there are so many by word and deed *defying God*, and asking:—“Who is the Lord, that I should obey His voice—I know not the Lord, neither will I let my evil habits go?” so long in some form or other calamity will strike us. The assassin’s pistol will be here. Dynamite and the dagger will be heard from.

And prone as we all are to go to the house of feasting, there to sow the seeds of frivolity and animalism, yet I pity the heart that does not perceive that o’er this house of mourning there has stretched the rainbow of mercy. “When I bring a cloud over the earth then the bow shall be seen in the cloud.” It has been seen by all but the blindest. The tears that have been shed o’er Garfield’s grave have been translucent with the light of God’s countenance, and thus the bow of mercy has been formed.

And who of us in this hour does not pray
“God help this stricken wife — this aged mother
— these sorrowing orphans.” Our loss is great;
theirs is irreparable. The Lord have mercy
upon them and strengthen them. The Lord lift
up the light of His countenance upon them and
give them peace.





ADDRESS.

WE cannot all attend the last sad rites at Cleveland to-day. Both duty and inclination would prompt us thereto. And so we assemble in our churches at the hour of sepulture, there to put ourselves into the attitude of fellow-mourners with those who at this hour in the metropolis of northern Ohio — the fair and beautiful city on the shores of that far-stretching inland sea — consign to the dust whence it came all that remains of President Garfield. We say, in customary phrase, "all that remains," but much more remains, as we feel and know, than the worn-out material body. His *example* remains, and the more minutely we examine into it the richer it becomes.

There are instances of public men, and they are too numerous, in which it is perilous to their

reputation to lift the veil which is drawn over the private and domestic life. Napoleon I. was the most brilliant general of his time, but the memoirs of Madame de Rémusat and the Life of Madame de Stael forever kill our respect for him as a man. Lord Nelson was the most daring, skillful, and courageous of all naval heroes, but one must not search too pryingly into his private life. And so, if the task were not disagreeable and hateful, we might pursue our investigation and show how often it has been that, in order to command respect for the brilliant career of prominent men, it has been necessary to apologize for this and that, or to preserve a discreet silence where speech would only be accusation.

With nothing of this reserve do we stand by President Garfield's tomb to-day. Search his history through and through, and there is positively nothing that need be covered up from the public gaze. Follow him from end to end of his laborious and useful life, we detect nothing of impurity, nothing of meanness, nothing of craft or subtlety. No more exemplary life has been before the public gaze since people mourned for the great first President of this Republic.

As a son how dutiful; as a boy how industrious; as a student how diligent; as a young man how persistent in his determination to excel; as

a scholar how thorough; as a citizen how loyal; as a soldier how courageous; as a politician how patriotic, incorruptible, and pure; as a friend how true; as a husband how loving and faithful; as a father how careful of his children's welfare; as a grown man how reverential towards that aged mother whose character was largely reproduced in him; as a man of aspiration and lawful ambition how resolute in his resolve to rise only by rectitude; as a Christian how simple in his discipleship to his Lord. Set him in the fiercest light you will, and there is next to nothing to excuse. The life is singularly brave and clean and pure. And so would we have it.

As we stand to-day by his grave and drop there our handful of flowers, our sorrow is as real as our eulogy of him is fitting and candid. We cannot do him good or harm by it. As far as we know, (though really we do not know,) he is beyond the influence of our praise or blame. Yet such a pure and noble life gives us a liberty of speech which, if it were less pure and less noble, we could not have.

There are times when silence is ominous, — times when a man, called to travel the road of eulogy, has to pick his way carefully, lest by an indiscreet word he should cause some door, garlanded with flowers, to fly open, behind which a skeleton is hidden. We have no such fear

haunting us to-day. It might be the grave of an infant by which we stand, for of Garfield as of the fairest child, we can dare to say, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

I have neither the time nor the disposition to offer you any biography of our departed President. Nor is it necessary. There are facilities enough for getting at all the facts of his life. But I am persuaded that very few indeed of our people knew how good a man had been nominated for the Presidency. The deed of the assassin has revealed him to his own nation and to the world as perhaps no deed less saddening could have done.

It is not that by our words of eulogy to-day we are offering a cheap kind of atonement to his family for their and our great loss. He was a better man than we knew. We knew that he ranked high as a General; we knew that he was one of the most skillful debaters on the floor of the House of Representatives; we knew that he was a force second to none in political campaigns.

But not one in a thousand knew how he had been drilled in the school of adversity in his earliest days; how he had borne the yoke in his youth; how self-denying he had been in order to get an education which should fit him for any position to which he might be called; how high

a rank he had taken in college; how noble a career he had run everywhere. We did not know of his simple, manly religiousness; of his consistent, Christian discipleship, and how no press of public duty had ever cooled his religious fervor or altered his religious habits. We did not know of this. Nor were we acquainted with the high tone of that quiet home life which he lived at Mentor. We did not know that in his own home his wife was competent to give a classical education to his sons, and that she would be able at Washington, almost for the first time in the history of the White House, to converse with foreign ambassadors in their own languages. Ordinarily a man's home is his castle, and its privacy ought not to be invaded; but that which has become matter of public notoriety can no longer be considered private.

Moreover, we knew so little of what may be called *his private political life* — so little of how he came to be Representative of his State in Congress, whether by virtue of real worth or by subserviency to interests that were local and unpatriotic. We know now that nothing but his sterling worth of character gave him his position; that instead of being slavish and obsequious, he was singularly independent.

When the Greenback idea had a strong hold upon the public mind in his State, and he was

urged not to commit himself in favor of hard money, as "an indiscreet word might cost him his nomination," he said: "Much as I value your opinion, I here denounce this theory that has worked its way into this State, as dishonest, immoral, and unpatriotic, and if I were offered a nomination and election for the period of my natural life *on this platform*, I should spurn it ; if you should raise the question of renominating me, let it be understood you can have my services only on the ground of honest payment of the debt in coin, according to the letter and spirit of the contract."

This is only one of many illustrations that might be given, all tending to show that he owed his position as a representative man to his integrity as much as to his intelligence. It is true that he was dowered with no little of affability and urbanity. No one who saw him for five minutes in intercourse with men, but perceived that. Yet it came evidently from simple good nature, and not from effort and policy. The present minister at the Court of St. James testified before a crowded meeting in London, held on Saturday last, that President Garfield once said to him, "It may be a defect in my character, but I never could *hate* anybody."

The more searchingly we inquire into this man's character and conduct, the more does the idea shape itself into clear and impressive form, *that God intended him to be, to the rising young men of to-day, an illustrative example of a righteous successful man*, — a man who attained to the highest seat of power by no arts that were unworthy, by no methods that were impeachable. And this high mission is made more impressive than it ever could otherwise be, by the sad event which has ended the natural life of this great and good man.

Lincoln was our war-martyr. Garfield is our martyr in times of peace, a peace, alas! which will be little better than a bloodless civil war so long as this wretched spoils-system continues. The end of that system would be, that where now we have one Garfield in Congress, we should have fifty; that the worthiest and best men in the country would not be above politics, when they shall be untainted with the corrupting idea of seeking place for the sake of the patronage belonging to it, or for the sake of the lucre directly or indirectly accruing.

They have a very low and poor, and unjust idea of manhood, who say that if power and patronage were abolished, and there were no spoils to be controlled, men would not be found to interest themselves in the government of

the country. The very opposite would be the result. The positions of Senator and Representative of the United States must ever be of such high honor that if there were not a cent of emolument attached to either, they would have an attraction for men beyond anything else that the country can offer. Men who to-day will not allow themselves to be put in nomination, who will not be classed with politicians, would hear the bugle call of duty, and would obey the summons to serve their country, when nothing but honor was the reward. We need never fear that the abolition of the spoils system would mean empty chairs in the House of Representatives and in the Senate chamber at Washington. However, I must not dwell on that theme to-day. Yet, standing by the side of Garfield's grave, how can we avoid the reference?

I think that at this juncture, if we must have another Presidential martyr, it is matter of congratulation that he is such an one as him we mourn. We live in an age when the word "success" is beginning to be tainted—when to speak of a successful man is so sadly often to speak of a corrupted man. We live in an age when the man of many acres is likely to be the man of much influence; when, providing a man becomes wealthy, very many will say to their sons: "Do as he did; adopt his principles and

you will succeed. Never mind how you become wealthy, or achieve success, only get it, and people will not much inquire into your methods."

While this kind of speech is too general, yet, thank God, it is not universal. For there are successful men within one hundred miles of this place whom nobody esteems; who, if I am to judge from the speech I hear, are despised, for their success blesses no one, not even their own families; their names are never found on the lists which relieve calamity; the widow's heart does not sing for joy because of them, nor do they dry the orphan's tear. Not bad men, but right-feeling men despise them while they live, wrangle over them when they die, and curse them even after death. Oh, it is terrible to live such a life!

How different the feeling we all have as to-day we stand by President Garfield's grave! Occupying the highest seat the nation can give, his name is to live in our history forevermore. His success was the crown of faithfulness to duty in every stage of life, from the first poor place he filled to the last dizzy height on which he stood.

As a writer in one of our daily papers so well puts it:—"He was *called* to higher places because he was faithful in humble ones. He was *called* to a Professorship in Hiram College,

because he had been a good student. He was *called* from grade to grade in the army, because of his recognized fitness. He was *called* to Congress, because one of the most intelligent constituencies in the country recognized by *his work* his fitness for the place. He was re-elected time and again because of his faithfulness, his industry, his nobleness. He was finally *called* to the Presidency, not because he was an aspirant, but because the people knew that he of all men, was the man for the hour."

Everywhere it was character that gave him influence. Why he was *called* to be a martyr, that we only know in part. The deepest reason for it is in the secrets of the Divine government. But even this--his martyrdom--has left him only greater. As Minister Lowell said at the great meeting held in London on Saturday:—"Though there were few from whom death wrenched a richer heritage, there were few who would, like Garfield, die well daily for eleven weeks. The fibre that could stand such a strain is only used in the making of heroic natures. General Garfield, twenty years ago, offered his life for his country. He has now died for her as truly as if he had fallen dead then. His blood has cemented the fabric of the Union; his example is a stimulus to his countrymen forever."

And that is the great use of this sad event, so far as we can employ it. In these days of awful looseness of morals among our young men, we must hold up Garfield's purity. In these days when so many homes are blasted by reckless thought and more reckless living, we must call attention to that pure, bright home at Mentor as illustrating our typical American idea.

In these days, when *duty* is not too often a word to inspire, we must remind our young men that the deceased was a man who, always and everywhere, listened reverently to the sacred voice of duty. In these days of *political trickery*, it is at our peril that we decline to make much of his perfect political honesty. In these days of a shallow, thoughtless, flippant skepticism, we cannot refrain from pointing to the undisputed fact that the springs of this man's integrity were in the simple allegiance of his heart to Jesus Christ our Lord. In these days when so many forces *divide* us, we must note well how sorrow makes us one; and oh, I would that, standing by Garfield's grave, the two great Protestant English-speaking peoples could forget that there had ever been anything to divide us.

The genuine sympathy of a true woman's heart — Queen by birth and queen by nature — has done enough in this hour by her unstinted sympathy to make us feel that all differences are

on the surface; differences that arise out of the competitions of commerce for the markets of the world — but that blood is thicker than water — that there should be no strife between us, for we are brethren. When, in Exeter Hall, on Saturday last, Minister Lowell said: — “I should do injustice to your feelings no less than to my own, if I did not offer here our grateful acknowledgments to the august lady who, herself not unacquainted with grief, has shown so repeatedly and touchingly how a true woman’s heart can beat under the royal purple,” — the irrepressible enthusiasm indicated how the people felt.

“Seest thou a man diligent in business. He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men.” We owe to the departed President this tribute. If any one elsewhere asks from us a name that shall stand as typical of the ripest fruit of our American culture and life — without reserve and without shame, yea, proudly and sympathetically we can point them to James Abram Garfield.

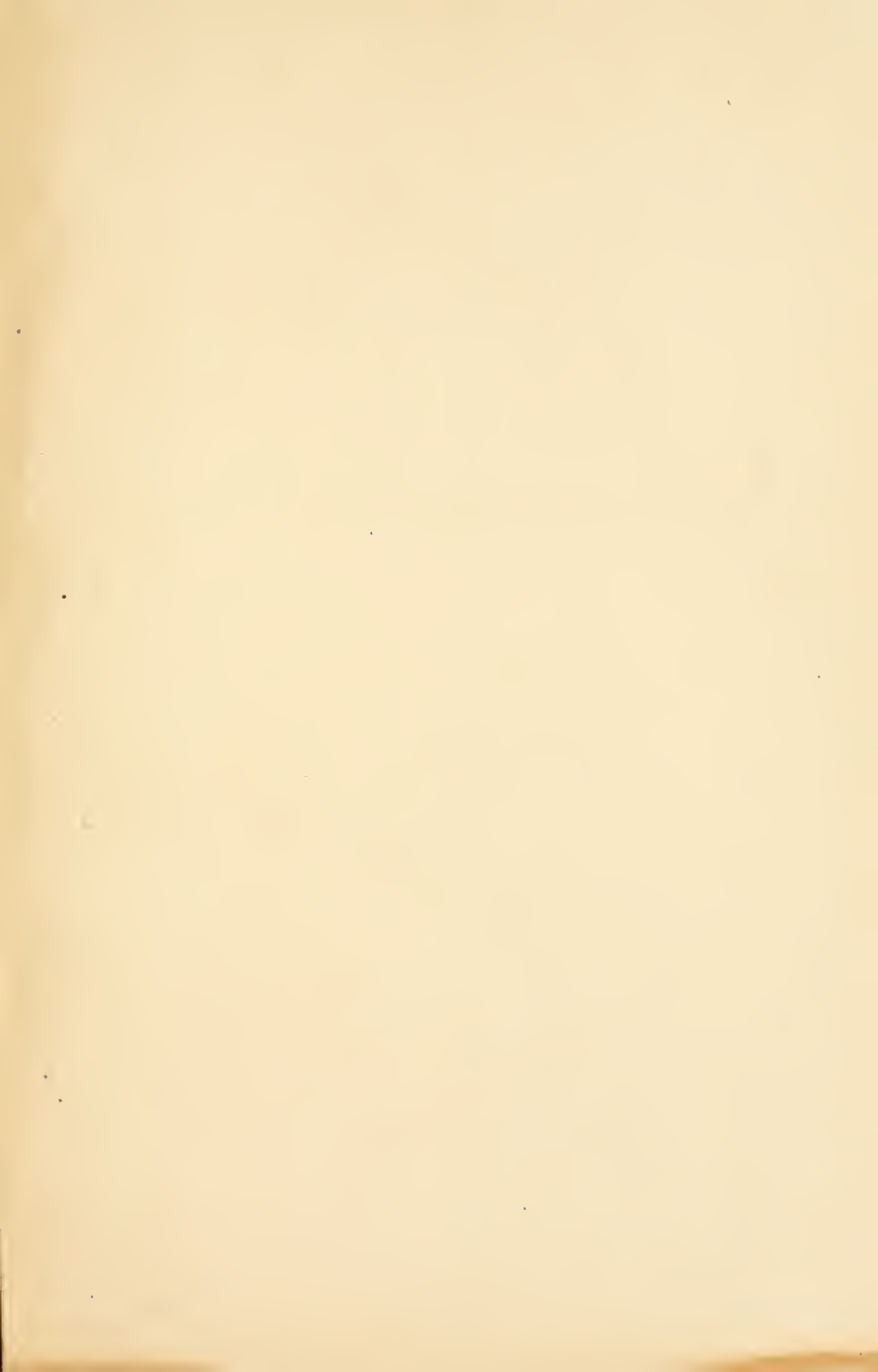
“As some divinely gifted man
Whose life in low estate began,
And on a simple village green;
“Who breaks his birth’s invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance
And grapples with his evil star.

“Who makes by force his merit known,
 And lives to clutch the golden keys —
 To mould a mighty State’s decrees
 And shape the whisper of the throne.

“And moving up from high to higher
 Becomes on fortune’s crowning slope —
 The pillar of a people’s hope —
 The centre of a world’s desire.”

Such an one was Garfield. “I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth, yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors.”

And so, while the mortal remains of our martyred President are at this hour being consigned to the tomb, other “remains” can never be consigned to any tomb. There remains the purity of his life, the courage of his convictions, the chaste love of his nature, the integrity of his action, the unsullied brightness of his example; and we would say, with all the emphasis we can command, to every rising young American man: Be as he was; let his principles and his practice be yours, and then the America of the future will be the most glorious of all lands, and the government “of the people, by the people, and for the people,” will not perish from the earth. Garfield is President no longer, but “God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives.”



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 013 785 824 1 •